

be you. At any rate I thought I would start out to meet you."

"But how came you here?" I enquired, "in this out of the way corner of the world."

"Because it is out of the way. Mabel and I are making a trip in search of the picturesque. You know she is quite an artist."

So Mabel was with him. My heart gave a curious thump, and for a moment I could scarcely make a sensible reply.

"Yes," he went on, "she is so devoted to her art that it seems to quite absorb her life. She has not thought of marriage, and does not care in the least for the ordinary run of society. She will be glad to see you, though," he added consolingly, "as you are a man of science."

We walked back together to the little inn, and presently I was shaking hands with a beautiful and stately woman, whose bright, dark eyes flashed with the strange intensity and fire that I had never seen in any other eyes but those of Mabel Byrne.

She greeted me very cordially and after we three had taken an evening meal together, there followed a delightful evening in the little parlor that Tom and his sister had secured.

For once in my life I felt myself quite at ease in a lady's society. In the first place there was Tom to keep me in countenance by a predominance of my own sex in the company, then Mabel did not expect me to talk of airy nothings, that light foam of the social whirlpool which I had never yet been able to skim. She spoke first of my scientific pursuits, and showed so much knowledge of the subject that I really found myself talking with earnestness and enthusiasm of the formation of the country, and especially of the glacial system and the curious marks of its action borne by the specimens I had collected.

She in her turn contributed to the evening's interest by telling me of her work, and showing me her sketches, which were really of a very high order of artistic merit. There was no school-girl weakness in her handling of the brush, but a force and poetic thought that had won her already honorable recognition in the world of art.

"And you never heard of Mabel's paintings until now?" asked Tom.

"No," I confessed. "You know I have been quite absorbed in my special studies."

"Yes, and you have not seen Mabel for ever so long, have you?"

"No," I replied, "not since that summer ten years ago, when I was at my grandmother's."

"Jolly times we had, too," said Tom, reflectively. "Remember that party at Mrs. Edwards'?"

A sudden rush of blood to my face utterly confused me. I stammered a reply, and Tom, to my relief, went on with some rambling reminiscences. It was some seconds before I dared to look at Mabel. Surely she was blushing, too!

The next morning we all went on a trip up the slopes of the mountain. Mabel in short, gray suit, alpine hat, and stout boots; Tom carrying her drawing materials. Thus we made this, and many another delightful expedition.

Life took on new colors for me. There was a radiance and glory about it that I had never dreamed of before. Every day I found fresh reason for admiring my beautiful companion, and our walks through the deep valleys and up thorough mountain sides were to me like enchanted journeys through a realm of fairies. In this loveliest country in the world, with this most glorious woman by my side, I was, indeed, as one transfigured by the light of the grand passion that took possession of my soul.

At first I knew not what had befallen me. I thought only that my pleasure in Mabel's society sprang from a similarity of tastes and pursuits, and the charm of her conversation; but gradually I woke to the overwhelming fact that I loved her with the one great love of my life, that

seemed to me now to date from the days of long ago, to have been always with me, and to stretch out into the future to make it transcendently glorious, or a long despair.

And yet as soon as I had learned my own secret, my former bashfulness came back upon me with tenfold intensity, and I found myself often embarrassed in her presence, while at the thought of telling her my heart's story, though my brain was smitten with dazzling delight at the dream of successful wooing, yet I was so overwhelmed that utterance would, as I was sure, be an impossibility.

And Mabel? Her eyes were very kind to me. They turned to me with a softened lustre that thrilled me with hope; and yet, if I attempted even a compliment, I blushed, floundered, and was lost.

One evening we were talking of all manner of subjects, grave and gay, and so strayed to marriage in general, and especially to the matrimonial lot of some of our old friends.

"You remember Boyd, don't you, Hill?" asked Tom.

"Tall, bashful fellow, like me?" I added.

"Yes," replied Tom, laughing. "He married Miss Cutting our former school teacher. I always thought she proposed to him."

"Sensible girl!" I exclaimed. "I think it is positively a woman's duty sometimes to help a man out. You remember that book of the late Dr. Horace Bushnell, published some years ago, called 'A Reform against Nature'?" In it he denounced the whole Woman's Rights movement, but maintained that every woman ought to have the right to propose marriage to the man she liked. I think he was scientifically correct."

I spoke with great eagerness, looking always at Tom; but at the last words my glance turned to Mabel, her eyes were fixed on mine, and the look I met there sent the blood to my heart with such a swift, tumultuous rush, that I grew faint with confusion, and presently rushed out of the room and to bed—though not to sleep.

The next day I went out in the afternoon by myself for a scramble through a damp and very rough gorge, where Tom and Mabel did not care to accompany me. I was half glad to be alone for I was nervous over my audacity of the night before; yet at the thought of Mabel's kindly eyes, so overwhelmed with blinding happiness, that I had to look many times at a bit of rock before I could see the strata that denoted glacial action.

It was late sunset when I reached the inn. The last rosy light was flushing the distant mountain peaks with that marvellous beauty which is one of the wondrous charms of Swiss scenery. I made my way without pause to Mabel's parlor, led thereby by a force that seemed to draw me by a power beyond my control. The room was quite dark and she was alone. As I entered she came toward me, with a quantity of letters and papers in her hands.

"These came while you were away," she said.

Mechanically I took the papers. Among them there was a large package on which I dimly discerned the word "Due," followed by an illegible stamp.

"You have paid something on this," I said, "how much was it?" and looked up.

"Postage not stated," replied Mabel.

Promptly, smilingly, she uttered the words. Then her dark eyes softened and faltered. The papers and letters were scattered over the floor. I had caught her in my arms with all the audacity that had been once before mine in my boyish days.

Only now as I pressed passionate kisses on her brow and lips, I found voice at last to utter the yearning that was consuming my heart. — *Dio Lewis Monthly.*

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## Health Department.

### Water as a Health Agent.

Without water in the living organism, motion would be impossible. The muscles, ligaments, cartilages, tendons, would be stiff, inelastic, immobile. The human skin is about one twenty-fifth part water; teeth, one-tenth water; bones, one-eighth; cartilage, one-half; muscle, three-fourths; brain and blood, four-fifths; bile, milk, and pancreatic juice, nine-tenths; urine, lymph, gastric juice, nineteen-twentieths; while perspiration and saliva are only one-fortieth part solid matter. Water is not only a permanent constituent of all organisms, and of all substances that enter into the composition of the human organism, but, like all other materials of organization, it is being constantly changed. It has been calculated that a healthy adult man takes into his system about four-and-a-half pounds of water daily, and, of course, casts as much out. Much of it he takes in with the food he eats, some of it as a drink; while he casts out in the urine about two pounds, through the lungs one pound, and somewhat over a pound through the skin.

Pure water is that which contains no element save its own proper and unvarying constituents; but no water is perfectly pure. It is so powerful a solvent that it dissolves a little of nearly everything with which it comes in contact. But approximately pure water may be found, and it is very important for us that the purest shall be used.

The impurities found in water may be described as mineral, vegetable, and animal. The form of mineral impurity found in the water generally used is salts of lime, either carbonate or sulphate, making what is known as hard water. The proper test of hard water is soap. When soap comes in contact with the sulphate of lime, as in washing, it curdles, forming a new soap, which will not dissolve, and which is often seen floating on the surface in the form of a greasy scum. The better plan of testing water for lime is to "dissolve a little soap in alcohol, and place a few drops of it in the water to be examined. If it remains clear, the water is perfectly soft; if it becomes turbid or opaque, the water is ranked as hard."

The vast importance of using only soft water for cooking, drinking, and bathing can readily be seen. The lime in hard water injures its solvent properties, and hence it is not suitable for bathing. Hard water, nor any other containing impurities, should be used for cooking or drinking; because the impurities of whatsoever kind, are foreign and adventitious matters, that cannot be used in the vital processes, and hence only tend to obstruct and derange these processes, and to exhaust vital power in the attempt to cast them out. The kidneys are the organs that take up and cast out most of these mineral impurities. The lungs and skin carry off their water chiefly in the form of vapor, leaving their solid impurities behind. These solid impurities must be got rid of, and inasmuch as lungs and skin, and even bowels, will not dispose of them, the kidneys must. Hence the very serious tax on the kidneys wherever hard water

is in general use. It is not wonderful, therefore, that gravel, stone in the bladder, and many kidney difficulties should exist. Hard water is irritating to mucous surfaces, obstructing to circulating fluids, and for various reasons a common cause of bilious, dyspeptic, and nervous disorders; or if not an adequate cause, certainly an aid in their development.

Freckles can be removed according to Dr. J. V. Shoemaker, by the careful application of a little ointment of the oleate of copper at bed-time. He makes the ointment by dissolving the oleate of copper in sufficient oleo-palmitic acid to make a mass.

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